

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,  
All giuen to mine eare.

*King.* But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

*Pol.* What doe you thinke of me?

*King.* As of a man faithfull and honorable.

*Pol.* I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke

When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,

As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)

Before my daughter told me, what might you,

Or my deere Maieslie your Queene heere thinke,

If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,

Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,

Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,

What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,

And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy star,

This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her

That she should locke her selfe from her resort,

Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,

Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:

And he repell'd, a short tale to make,

Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,

Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,

Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,

Into the madnes wherein now he raues,

And all we mourne for.

*King.* Doe you thinke this?

*Quee.* It may be very like.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,

That I haue positively said, tis so,

When it proou'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;

If circumstances leade me, I will finde

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede

Within the Center.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together  
Heere in the Lobby.

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Quee.* So he dooes indeede.

*Pol.* At such a time, Ile loofe my daughter to him,

Be you and I behind an Arras then,

Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,

And be not from his reason false thereon

Let me be no assistant for a state

But keepe a farme and carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Quee.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*

Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,

How dooes my good Lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, God a mercy.

*Pol.* Doe you knowe me my Lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest my Lord.

*Ham.* I sir to be honest as this world goes,

Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true my Lord.

*Ham.* For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a

good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

*Pol.* I haue my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,

But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee

knewe me not at first, asayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,

and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very

neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my

Lord.

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter my Lord.

*Ham.* Betweene who.

*Pol.* I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

*Ham.* Slaunders sir; for the satericall rogue sayes heere, that old

men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes

purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plen-

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tiful